EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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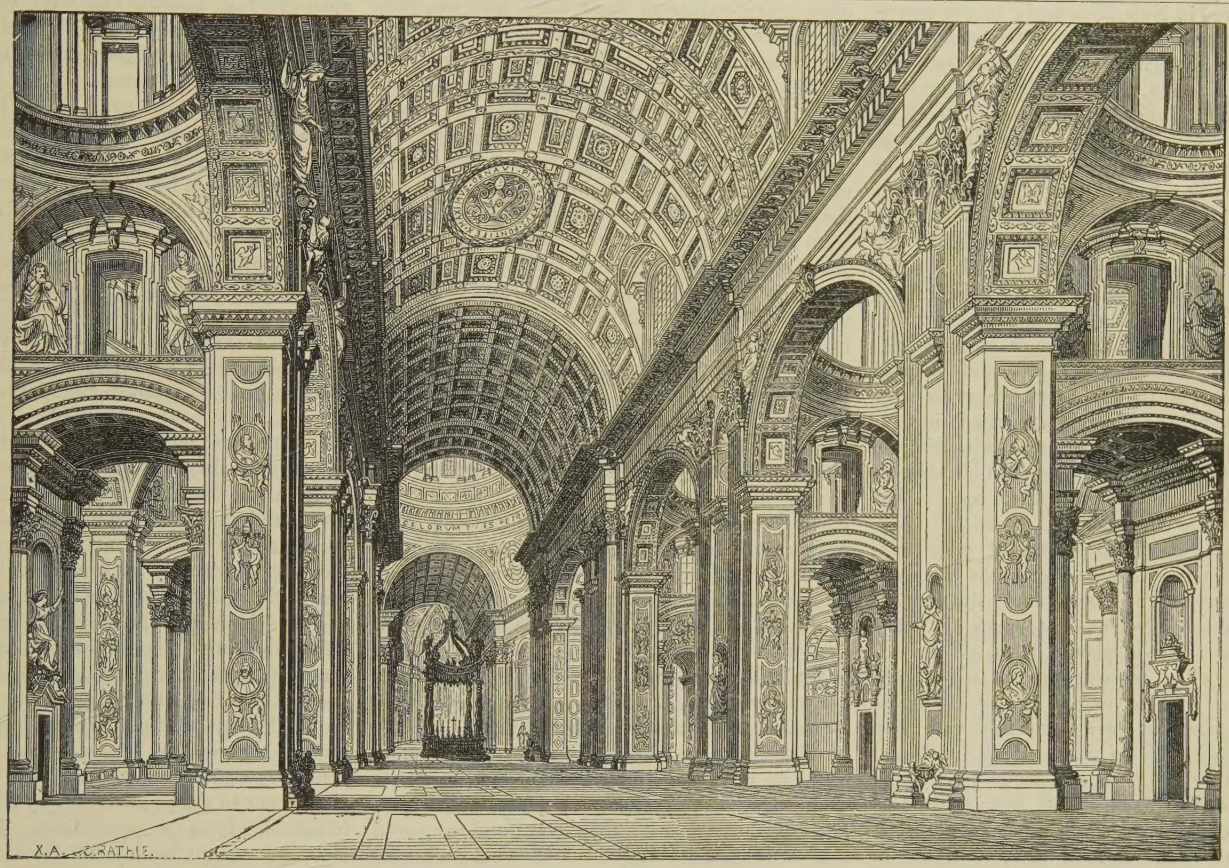

ST. PETER'S CHURCH IN ROME.

EVERY one who has not actually seen St. Peter's Church in Rome has probably seen a picture of it. In some respects, it is the best-known building in the world. Hawthorne called it the "World's Cathedral," as if it belonged — as of course it does — to the whole world. Whittier well says, —

> "That all the good the past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad."

Niagara, Mt. Blanc, "Hamlet," "Faust," the "Iliad," and the "Æneid," belong to all peoples, of every time and country, who can see them or read them. So St. Peter's Church is your church and mine, to study, to admire, and to enjoy.

Most of the pictures of the outside of the great church make it look too small. Indeed, when you approach the building from the immense square in front of it, — the *piazza*, in which stands the tall Egyptian obelisk, and where "the living fountains wave their clouds of spray," — it seems to you that the magnificent dome which crowns the mighty structure rises just over the porch; whereas, it is over four hundred feet behind the front. This appearance which so misleads us is owing to the mistakes in architecture which were made by the men who finished the building. But when you go into the church, or *look* into it, as our picture lets you do, you are disappointed again, though this time for a very different reason. Not that it does not seem very large, but you had expected something so much larger. It is true that in the *general* effect of the length and height and breadth, the marble pavement, the lofty arches, the splendid ceiling, and the great, shadowy dome, the reality goes beyond all you had before imagined it to be. Yet you are at first surprised that the interior should not look a great deal larger. The reason is that great spaces always seem much smaller than they actually are, unless they are divided by objects which help the eye to measure the distance. An open field looks smaller than a forest of trees that is of the same size. A blank wall fifty feet high seems lower than the wall of a house that is only forty feet in height, if the house is divided into storeys, and the wall surface broken by windows and projections.

Our picture shows us how few objects there are in St. Peter's to aid the eye in measuring its full length or its vast breadth or its enormous height. The ceiling over the nave, or central aisle, is one hundred and fifty feet above the floor; but we cannot at first make it seem even a hundred feet, while it is impossible for us to believe that the nave is over six hundred feet in length. But there is nothing to complain of in all this. It takes a good while for us to perceive how great any truly grand work is, whether it be a work of God, like Niagara Falls or Mt. Washington, or a work of men's hands, like the "World's Cathedral," in Rome. We have to go to see the interior of St. Peter's several times before we can feel its true grandeur. After a while, when we have visited it perhaps eight or ten times, and find that we have not been all over it even then; when, too, we have learned the singular fact that this vast cathedral *has a climate of its own*, and is never made warmer by the heat of summer or cooler by the winter's cold; then we begin to comprehend what this church *means*, — that it stands for a symbol of God's presence, which fills all space, and of the infinite truth and love of God, toward which our souls may forever grow up, but which we can never exhaust.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

BY SOLON D. WHITNEY.

DID you ever cross the ocean in a large steamer? If you have, I know you will be interested in the experience of others. If you have not, are you not longing to try it and see what it is like?

Robie and Nellie, aged fourteen and twelve years, started from Boston one day early in June, this last summer, and sailed — *steamed* we might with more precision say — from New York for Liverpool. They were both wide-awake children, and had you followed them with your eyes, you would have seen that they thoroughly enjoyed the whole trip.

They arrived in New York early in the morning, early enough to go aboard the steamer in time to start at eight o'clock. Robie had read much about the sea, had eagerly devoured all stories that had a *sailor* in them; and although he had learned to take off a little from the extravagance felt by landsmen to exist in all stories of ships and the sea, he had enough of the poet in him thoroughly to enjoy accounts of the wildest adventures. How eagerly his eyes ran along the ships on the North River side of New York, scanning all the sails and spars and masts and flags, till he found the right flag and the right number of masts and the right number of smoke-stacks and the right markings — colors and stripes! Being the elder, and a boy, he was eager to show his sister that he was not to be surprised; in fact, knew all about it before. But even with him the reality was far more interesting than his ideas of it, and Nellie made no attempt to conceal her constant surprise and delight.

There was a continual stream of passengers with their friends pouring up over the gangway into the vessel for an hour before the time to start. Trunks, chairs, and packages of every description were lifted aboard in an almost endless stream, while towards the steerage there swelled a vast tide of human beings, till Robie began to wonder whether even this vast ship could hold them. Nellie was particularly pleased to find that bright faces and moist eyes, those sure signs of intelligence and feeling, were as common above the homely garb at this end of the ship as above the more fashionable dresses in the elegant cabins.

State-rooms were found, their luggage deposited, and a run over nearly the whole vessel made before the shrill whistle announced the hour for the many friends of the passengers to take their leave; but it was not till the vessel, pushed out into the river by several small but powerful tugs, had passed beyond speaking distance or the possibility of hearing cheers and cheering adieus, and the waving of 'kerchiefs could no longer be seen, that the children and their friends turned to the dining saloon to examine the immense bouquets of beautiful flowers left by uncles and aunts and other friends of the passengers. Very beautiful will those flowers seem when the novelty of the situation is worn off, and when the unsteady motion of the ship will tend to unsettle every feeling of home-likeness, and the children will seem to themselves like outcasts among strangers.

Two hours — yes, three hours — they are moving down the harbor and out of the lower bay, before they stop off Sandy Hook to take leave of the pilot who has guided them thus far in their way. The last words to friends at home have been penned, the wonders of their new experience thus far set forth in good sentences and mailed back by the returning boat, when the prow of the steamer is headed due east by the Captain, who now takes charge of the sailing directions, and the steamer with a more powerful push of her propellers begins the real course from land to land across the trackless waters.

Robie and Nellie found many pleasant companions on the ship. And while their older friends began to feel unpleasantly in their state-rooms, they by running about on the ample decks, amused and wondering at the novel effects caused by the rising and falling, the rolling now this way now that of the floors beneath their feet, and breathing in the fresh sea air, had no thought of sea-sickness. How like a duck on a pond was the steamer, as she rose on those vast swells of deep green waters, or went down into the deep valleys as if with her prow she would bury herself beneath their ruffled surface! Robie could not help wondering that though built almost entirely of iron she should seem as light as a cork, bouncing about on the waters.

After they had been several days at sea, one of the officers brought out a lot of rope-rings and showed the children how easy it was to throw them over a wooden pin set upright on the deck. They all tried it, but their want of success was laughable indeed. The rings would go in the wrong direction, or when the children succeeded in hitting the pin the rings would seldom fall around the pin. This only nerved the children up to repeated trials, till eventually they acquired tact and skill sufficient to drop almost every other one just over the pin.

Meanwhile they were enjoying the bracing air, were getting acquainted with other children, and the big screw of the steamer was pushing them well on in their way over the vast ocean. Another game they particularly enjoyed was the pushing of wooden disks over the deck upon some lines or spaces marked off with figures which showed the value of each push.

While thus employed one day a cry of "icebergs!" was raised. Some one, whose eyes were sharper than the rest, saw ahead over the lee-bow a white mass. It was a good while before many could see it, though Robie thought that he surely could see a glistening mass of white in the haze near the horizon. As they gazed and wondered it grew larger and larger till all could see it, for they were rushing on towards it at the rate of nearly twenty miles each hour. In a couple of hours they were abreast of the vast mass, that looked like a mountain of ice. What an unwelcome visitor this would be in a dark or foggy night! How many poor sailors have run against the cold sides of such icebergs in storms, and have gone to the bottom of the sea! But this morning, in the bright sun, how beautiful the deep blue of some portions, and how it shades off into the brightest white! How the waves roll up this inclined slope, while there on that bold point they are dashed into spray! Three times the length of the vessel in its width, and twice as long it seemed. They were not near enough to measure it very exactly, but Robie was certain that some high points near one end were nearly as high as the steamer's masts. Then Robie told Nellie that there must be eight times as much ice below the surface as she could see. He had studied about specific gravity in the high school, and his statement was nearly correct.

How curious it was to see that mass of ice moving down towards the south against the surface current of the Gulf Stream, and against the southwest breeze! Even Robie felt there must have been a deep and powerful current below. It was the same current that had swept these masses of ice from their home in Baffin's Bay and brought them down with their loads of adhering sand and rocks to melt and deposit over the Banks, — for they were now over the Banks of Newfoundland. All day long they pushed on, and still the Captain said they were sailing over the Banks. Robie was anxious to know why this region was called the Banks, when it looked like the broad deep sea. He had not noticed particularly many small vessels lying at anchor, till the mate told him that here fishermen could anchor, the water being only a few hundred feet deep, while beyond, it was two miles or more in depth.

Robie and Nellie became more and more interested in the sea, the sea-birds, the sails, and the steamers that passed, and were ever ready for their four meals each day, with all the varied bills of fare; but above all they grew more and more interested in the ship itself.

But what puzzled even Robie most, was the action of the compasses, and why it was necessary to have so many, and why they were not all alike, and why it should be necessary to compare them so often. In the next number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY we shall see how he came to understand this better.

A VISIT TO THE NATIVE UNITARIAN CHAPEL IN MADRAS, INDIA.

(From the unpublished Journal of the late Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I.)

I FOUND myself at the door of Roberts' plain rectangular chapel of some forty feet by sixteen, where a singular audience of some forty men, women, and babies were seated on plain benches, — two half-caste natives, one an old gentleman and the other apparently his son, the only ones of the hearers in full English dress, occupying the only two arm-chairs near the pulpit, which they vacated on my entering. I took, however, as the preacher was reading the Scriptures, the first seat near the door and among the women, who according to Oriental usage were put into the background with their babies, two of whom — little innocents! — were sprawled on the coarse carpet, snoring away lustily, put to sleep, no doubt, by the monotonous intonations from the sacred desk. The rest of the audience made a motley collection. There were several very ancient men. Some of these had their heads shaven entirely bare; others wore a cue or tuft on the crown, as our Indians do. One or two wore spectacles; one old man was in full velvet; several of the children were very sweet-looking, and one native was in uniform, — a servant, as I learned, to a Nawab, or Nabob. The pulpit was a plain, square enclosure. In front of it was a plain table, at which the preacher — all black from head to foot, excepting shirt, cravat, collar, and eyes — was reading the Gospel in his voluble tongue, the hearers with their books carefully following. After the reading came the liturgy, and then the singing of the hymns, all composed, so Roberts told me afterwards, by his father. The music was most extraordinary. The metre was long — of the longest kind. The preacher "deaconed off" a stanza; then a chorister on the front seat rose and sang it through, solo, with a long-drawn nasal twang, swelling slowly to the close of each line with a peculiar and indescribable metallic *hum-m-m*, which in the chorus by the congregation, the children's shrill voices being very prominent, was made more intense. The time

in all the hymns seemed to my ear about the same, and the tunes had a family likeness.

The sermon, a written one, was read with quiet earnestness; the text, — as I afterwards learned, for I understood no word except *Paravaran* (God) and *Amen*, the latter pronounced with a most hearty twang, as if they would hold it in their tightly shut mouths forever, — the text was Acts xxviii. 22, "But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against." There was one peculiarity which enlivened the delivery: whenever there was a text to be quoted, the preacher would just name the place, and then any one of the hearers who found it first would read, or rather chant, it out aloud; and then the sermon went on again.

At the close I went forward; a circle was formed around me, children in front and men behind, three or four tall veterans peering over their heads like snowy mountain peaks, — as a German poet says, "peering over out of the past," — while about the door were gathered the women, and once Roberts had to motion away some who had crept in from curiosity. After he had talked away to his flock for some minutes about me, I said to them through him that I regretted two things, — not knowing their language, and having no voice to use it if I did. However, I added, one day (pointing upwards) we should all speak the same language, — at which the old schoolmaster, whose keen, humorous, benevolent face well-bespoke the Oriental sage, seemed particularly pleased. We then talked of the situation and history of the church. Roberts pointed to the three old men in the rear, and said they were three of the four founders of the society, which was formed in 1800, and that the church was built in 1813. I said that was the year I was born. This piece of information created a general smile of pleasure, and the people said it was a Providential coincidence.

Roberts then called forward several little boys of eight and ten, to read and recite. How their little tongues did twist about in their red mouths as they chanted their Tamil! The reading of the English Testament was excellent. One little fellow spoke up with the most sharply-cut articulation I ever heard, though he did say, "Blessed are the poor in *Scripture*."

I took a look at their bell with its Tamil inscription, and then bade farewell to the little flock, and drove with Roberts to the little burying-ground of the society, with its ruined brick wall overshadowed by the cocoa-nut and other trees, where under a mound unmarked by a stone the young preacher's father and founder of the church rested.

BERTIE'S SNOW-MAN.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

It was a clear, cold day in midwinter. The fleece-like snow lay broadcast over hills and fields; trees and bushes were studded with brilliants; and the road, winding along beside the ice-bound shining river, was as yet clean as a fresh ribbon. It was a glorious day, with its golden sunshine and bracing air, and the boys welcomed it as boys do welcome such winter days.

"Mother!" shouted Fred and Charlie, rushing in from school, "we 're going to have a splendid time! The boys are waiting, and we 're going to build a fort and storm it. You 'll let us have it here in the door-yard, won't you?"

"Yes; put away your books first, and then you may go."

Off started Fred and Charlie, with a merry hurrah, to run downstairs. But Charlie's ear caught little Bertie's voice, — "I wish I could go, Mamma!"

Bertie had many a nice sleigh-ride, tucked in between papa and mamma, and covered with the warm, scarlet-lined buffalo-robe; but he was thought not quite old enough to play in the snow like his brothers.

"Come on, Charlie!" called Fred, rather impatiently; for Charlie had turned back, touched by Bertie's wistful look and tone.

"In a minute! Bertie, won't you stand by the window and watch us? We will build the fort right in sight, down there by the west porch; and then you can see us storm it, too. And, Bertie, we will make a snow-man for you, all your own."

The little boy's face brightened, as a landscape does when the sun shines suddenly out upon it.

"Oh, thank you, Charlie! That 's 'most as good as going out there."

The boys had a grand frolic in building and storming their fort. When it was quite demolished, they went to work with a will to build the snow-man. Bertie's shouts of delight, when it was completed, would have repaid them for a greater effort. But Charlie had another thought. When the image, tall as a real man, stood there, with a basket on his arm and a stick in his hand, Charlie began rolling up more snow-balls, and Bertie had a good deal of amusement merely in guessing what it was to be. Now he thought one thing, which he soon saw it was not, then another; but after a while a large dog stood beside his snow-master, and Bertie was delighted.

By this time the short winter's day had reached its sunset; and the boys, with a parting cheer, went home.

"See my snow-man, Papa! See my dog!" shouted Bertie, tapping on the window-pane, as his father opened the gate.

"Heigho! Who 's this? King Winter? Santa Claus? Man-of-the-moon?" exclaimed papa, pretending to be greatly mystified. "Some visitor, any way, I suppose. We 're happy to see you, sir," and he made a low bow. "You 'll stay with us over night, won't you? Could n't think of letting you go any farther such a cold night. That 's a fine dog you have, sir. He 's welcome, too; shall have all the supper he can eat."

And papa turned to Bertie, who was dancing about, laughing, and clapping his hands. "Now, my boy, you must let me come in and get warm. It grows colder every minute, seems to me. Tea ready, Mother?"

"They won't melt away to-night, will they?" asked the little boy, anxiously.

"Oh, no! And if the weather holds as cold as it is now, they will last several days."

The next morning was clear and cold; and Bertie, the moment he was out of bed, ran to the window to see if his treasures were not dreamed but real, and had held their place. He shouted and clapped his hands. The sun was shining full upon them, and they looked even prettier than the night before.

"Mamma, look! they 're like the Monk of St. Bernard and his dog, that you told me about last Sunday. I'll play they 've just been out on the mountains looking for travellers lost in the snow."

"Yes, dear, so you can. And after breakfast I will tell you more stories while I sew."

So the boys' kindness gave Bertie even more pleasure than they expected, And yet it was *a little thing*. It was no costly gift, no great sacrifice, that made him so happy; — only one of those "little deeds of kindness" that we can all do every day.

History and Biography.

CARLYLE AND GOETHE.

BY M. F. B.

[Carlyle was the son of a Scotch farmer, who early decided to make literature his business in life, not that he might thereby gain renown, but that he might help to make the world better. He was an eccentric man and had many failings, but the way in which he bore one great trial was certainly grand. One volume, in manuscript, of his "History of the French Revolution," lent to a friend, was put into the fire through mistake, nd in a few moments the hard work of years was destroyed. He never complained, but set patiently to work and wrote it all over again. His wife's letters, published after her death, reveal to the world his own omissions and weaknesses, as he intended they should, that men might judge him, their merciless critic, with equal severity.

Goethe was a German poet. He stands to Germany as Shakspere does to us. When you hear the opera of "Faust" you can remember that that mighty creation was his, — not the music, but the drama. It is a great dramatic poem. Goethe did not work so much to teach the world, — like Carlyle, — as to express himself, and give to the world his great ideas and conceptions. His last words, "Open the shutters and let in more light," seem to suggest what every soul should desire. With all his great genius he, too, needed the light from heaven.]

One of the pleasantest phases in the checkered life of Carlyle was his sincere and enthusiastic love for Goethe. Perhaps the dyspeptic philosopher would have been happier had he found more great men to love. To be disappointed in one's heroes tends to make one sullen. It seems that Goethe, to Carlyle's mind, was great enough to admit of being worshipped.

It is a very pretty scene in Carlyle's parlor where "the daintiest boxie you ever saw," direct from Weimar, was opened. Carlyle is as delighted as a child, and straightway writes a confiding letter to the home-friend at Scotsbrig, in which he says, "I believe a ribbon with the Order of the Garter would scarcely have flattered either of us more."

We can imagine the rough-mannered man and the "little woman" opening the "boxie," and getting all in a glow of delight over the poems. Think of it — Goethe's poems sent by his own hand, and the "two medals, one of Goethe himself, and one of his father and mother; and the prettiest iron-wrought necklace, with a little figure of the poet's face set in gold for my dear spouse!"

With the necklace there was a card with a motto, which may be freely translated thus: —

"When you look in the glass, night or morning,
Intent upon beauty's adorning,
Think, that adorns beyond measure
Which gives thy friend the most pleasure."

Not a bad motto to be pinned to a young lady's toilet-cushion, or tucked in the frame of her mirror.

This friendship of these great men who never saw each other in the body reminds us how lonely the great must often be. Carlyle could not have been so much pleased with a box from Goethe if his heart had been warmed oftener by the fires of a real and equal friendship.

It also throws a pleasant light upon Goethe's character. The wonderful German poet was great enough to be generous. It is delightful to see the cordial appreciation with which he greets Carlyle across the spaces that divide them.

Many of us small people can be great in this way. We can always find occasions for generosity and sympathy; and the sympathetic heart is more truly great than the brilliant intellect.

Our Letter-Box.

If the Old Chestnut Tree in the Hillside Pasture takes the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and can read, we know he will be pleased with the letter we print below, which is addressed to our readers. Those who were interested in the story of the Clever Poll Parrot printed not long ago, will find something pleasing in Master Leonard's letter also.

DEAR READERS, — In one of the EVERY OTHER SUNDAYS I saw a letter from an Old Chestnut Tree. I don't suppose the tree really said it, but some one who saw the two little girls play under the branches of that dear old tree. We don't know how many hundred years old it may be. I used to live just at the foot of a high hill in the beautiful town of Leominster, and at the very top of it stood two large chestnuts and one birch-tree. Mamma and Papa and I used often to go and look off and see several towns. Many times parties of forty or fifty people have a picnic under the branches of these trees. Sometime I will write you again, and tell you all about the nice Sunday-school we had there. I am a little girl, eight years old, and my home now is in Winchester, Mass.

ANNA A. PEABODY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — I read the story about the parrot in EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. We have a parrot that we think is just as clever as the one told about in your paper. He can say everything that we teach him, and he is only three years old. I would like to give the list of things that he says, but it would make too long a letter. He was taken from a nest in Africa and was given to my mamma by a friend of hers who has ships going from America to Africa. He is a gray parrot as I think all African parrots are. I live in Plainfield, N. J. I am nine years old. I like to read EVERY OTHER SUNDAY very much.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING LEONARD.

HERBERT L. S., and other readers of the Letter-Box, will find something to interest them on page 95, in what is said of the Boston Boys of '75. We were very glad to have our attention drawn to the subject. We give below a New Testament enigma sent us by a little boy. Will not others follow his example? We would gladly receive puzzles of every kind from our young readers.

ENIGMA VI.

I HAVE fourteen letters.

9, 2, 8, 12, is one who found grace in God's sight.

8, 8, 14, 5, 6, was a prophet.

1, 10, 3, 7, is what Jesus told us to do to one another.

1, 5, 11, was one of the great men in the Bible.

11, 12, 14, 4, 13, is the number of crosses put up on Calvary.

My whole is a saying of Jesus.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

Littleton, Mass.

THREE-WORD BIBLE ENIGMA.

TRANSPOSE my first word thus, 4, 3, 1, 2.
You 've part of a fabric that one can see through.
My second, to stand as it is, 1, 2, 3,
Spells a viand that 's always much relished by me.
My third, I 'm afraid will trouble you more,
For to spell what you walk in takes 3, 2, 6, 4;
While if 1, 5, and 6, is e'er to be found
You must fain cross the sea and dig under ground;
And with something unlovely, 7, 2, 6, and 5,
You 'll have at the end of my third to arrive.
When water covered all the earth
These three were there to see;
Else would not earth with tears or mirth
Be seen by you or me.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS OF PALESTINE.

1. Morn, eh?
2. Lone Nab.
3. Is in A.
4. Bale.
5. To Bar.
6. Calmer.

ACROSTIC NO. 1.

(The initial letter of each word will spell the answer.)

My first was the father of my whole.

My second would have been found among the flocks and herds of my first.

My third is a place to which the flocks were driven to feed; also where my whole was buried.

My fourth were saved from famine by my whole.

My fifth is the ruler under whom my whole acquired great power.

My sixth was a grandson of my whole.

My whole is an Old Testament character whose life is one of great interest.

ENIGMA VII.

On the trees, plants, and flowers of the Bible.

I AM composed of forty-five letters.

My 30, 37, 31, 22, was used as a carpet for our Lord.

My 22, 16, 17, 10, 32, 44, 36, 34, 44, 41, 35, Christ told a parable of.

My 11, 31, 39, 38, 29, was brought to Noah as a sign.

My 7, 2, 16, 44, 27, the Lord caused to grow as a shelter to Jonah.

My 31, 39, 31, 42, Jesus drew a lesson from.

My 7, 43, 31, 31, was put into a mixture given to Christ to drink.

My 22, 42, 44, 44, 15, was used to embalm Christ's body.

My 5, 25, 42, 34, 44, 13, 6, David compared the wicked to.

My 10, 28, 11, 44, 40, 10, 44, 41, 35, once furnished material for a crown.

My 30, 11, 22, 6, 7, 44, 19, 33, 23, 34, 13, was used in the decoration of Solomon's Temple.

My 9, 16, 34, 14, and my 3, 31, 22, 11, 1, 21, 17, Jacob sent to Joseph as a gift.

My 18, 14, 31, 22, was a great medicine.

My 12, 16, 31, 44, 16, 17, 4, 13, 17, were once made into an ark for Moses.

My 22, 3, 20, 26, 19, fed the Israelites.

My 12, 29, 8, 24, 17, were brought to David with other provisions when he was fleeing from Absalom.

My 14, 31, 22, 2, 20, 45, is the tree Jeremiah saw in a vision.

My whole will tell you what Noah did when he came out of the ark.

Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 10

Charade I. Tiberias.
Enigma V. "Do as you would be done by."
Charade II. Tyre.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

(See picture on Page 93.)

WHAT can be more delightful than to see the dear, little, feathery, fluttering bits of life, called birds, picking up food at one's very feet without showing any fear; even perhaps looking up for more? Any child who lives in the city can have that pleasure, for the little English sparrows are numerous and bold. Children in the country will not find such fearless little birds to feed, but perhaps those they do find will be quite as needy. Let me tell them what to do. When the snow comes and covers all the ground, putting berries out of sight, and clothing the trees in a soft, white shroud, hang up in some conspicuous place a netted or crochetted bag filled with suet or fat pieces of meat. The birds are said to be very fond of the fat. They will pick at the bag and pull out the pieces between the meshes, and the hardest snow-storm cannot hide from them their little pantry.

For Youngest Readers.

THE CHERRIES.

BY M. A. HALEY.

"AUNTIE MAY, tell me a story," said Ellis, as he tried to balance himself on his aunt's rocker.

"My dear boy I don't know any story; I have told you all my stories."

"Well, please tell them over again; tell me the one about the cherries."

Auntie May had told the same story every night for a week, and was rather tired of it; but she loved her little nephew very much, so taking him on her lap, she told the story of the cherries.

"When Bessie was five years old she went to her Aunt Emily's house to stay a week. Aunt Emily knew that Bessie was very fond of cherries, and as soon as the ripe ones came to the market she sent for some. Aunt Emily divided them into two equal parts, and gave Bessie one part saying, 'You have a half of what there is; and the rest are for Cousin Willie when he comes home from school.'

"Bessie thanked her aunt very prettily, and thought nothing could ever taste so sweet as her cherries.

"'Now, Bessie, I am going upstairs,' said her aunt. 'You may play awhile here with your blocks; when you are tired come to me, but don't touch the cherries in the dish.'

"'Oh, no, Aunt Emily; I have had my share,' said Bessie.

"The cherries were in a dish on the sideboard, and Bessie could just see the stems over the edge of the dish. She knew her aunt had given her a great many, and she felt sure that she did not want any more. After she had played a long time with her blocks she began to wish that she had some cherries.

"'I will take just one,' she said to herself; 'Auntie won't mind if I take just one.'

"She stood on tiptoe and took *just one!* In a few moments she took just one more. As the dish was so high, she could not see how each 'one more' lowered it. In this way she took more than she knew.

"Presently she heard Aunt Emily and Willie coming; and as her aunt opened the door Bessie heard her say, 'Now, Willie, you can have some cherries.'

"Then she looked in the dish. 'Has Bessie touched the cherries?'

"'I took just one a few times,' said Bessie.

"Auntie held the dish so that she could see the inside, and there were but *two* cherries left in it. Bessie's great shame at the sight taught her a much-needed lesson. She was not such a selfish little girl again."

Feeding the Birds.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A BIT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY M. E. P.

I WONDER how many of the readers of the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY know what a tarantula is? For those who do not, I will tell something about it, and the queer nests it builds and inhabits.

The tarantula is a hairy insect of the spider kind and a little larger than the largest spider perhaps you ever saw, the body being almost all head and very ugly looking.

It builds its nests a little underground, leaving a passage open to the outer air. The nest to me is most wonderful; for it has a little door, the tarantula being, I believe, the only insect which builds a door to his nest. It must be to protect himself, — surely not his nest, for when he is in, his door is always closed; when abroad, he leaves it wide open. Then one has a chance to examine the sort of home the tarantula has made for himself; for he is a poisonous insect, and if intruded upon or in any way provoked, will pursue his enemy, — and you know spiders run very fast.

The nest is long and narrow. It looks very much like a potato, is just about as large as a good-sized one, and is made of mud mixed with bits of straw to hold it together firmly. The door is at one end, and swings as if on a hinge with a spring.

The tarantula is very common in some parts of California, and it was there that I saw it. In a store in the city of Los Angeles in California they had on exhibition, as a curiosity, one of these nests, which had a double door, the second one built just outside the other, — the first not having been built properly or to the satisfaction of the insect.

Perhaps some day you will go to California, and then you can see these strange nests.

SOME NEW RESIDENTS OF CONCORD.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

SEVERAL curious specimens of plants have lately found a home in our neighborhood, where eccentricities have always flourished. The placid waters of the Concord River now bear an edible chestnut beneath the surface of the water, known as the Trappa Natans. In still places its bright clusters of serrated leaves bear a white blossom in midsummer; and later, three nuts are to be found at the base of the leaves, each one of which is expanded to form a float to support the nuts. Three sharp points protect each nut, and also serve to anchor it firmly in the mud when it falls in autumn, fully ripe, to the muddy depths below. From the root thus formed plants grow in such abundance that the nuts are used as food in Holland, where the plants flourish in the sluggish waters of the canals.

A very rare water-fern, the Marcillia Quadrifolia, was, like the Trappa, transplanted here as a very great curiosity; but both take so naturally to their new abode that the navigation of the river seems likely to be impeded before long by these foreign guests.

Another rare and curious native plant was lately drifted down the stream, — the Utricularia, one species of which has no root, but bears instead a long tangle of fine tendrils, in the meshes of which it catches minute insects that are slowly assimilated by the plant, which thus feeds upon animal life alone. This fact has lately been discovered by a gifted lady who has made a special study of the carnivorous plants of America. These three curious plants can be found in the course of a short voyage up the south branch of the river, but they abound chiefly in the main river near the farm of the great Brook Farm botanist who introduced them here.

A STUDY OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

BY CHARITY DYE.

PART II.

(*Continued from page 87.*)

The Court. — The Search for the Grail. — Modern Chivalry.

"GENTLE knight" and "fair lady" are inseparable terms in mediæval literature. Unselfish devotion to woman was the "crowning grace of chivalry." There is said to be on record an old act, that any one except a criminal, or one charged with murder, should be safe from all attack or pursuit while passing through the kingdom with a high-born lady.

We see various phases of this devotion to woman in connection with King Arthur's court. We also see many pictures of woman herself that form vivid contrasts with each other.

Guinevere was instrumental in bringing about the destruction of the old order; while the holy nun, sister of Percival, was instrumental in bringing about the new order, by inspiring the knights to search for the Grail.

No knight could excel the fidelity and patience of Enid. See the contrast between Eltarre and Elaine the fair, who died of love for Lancelot. When her cold, beautiful form, bearing the white lily in its hand, floated down to Camelot, all the court felt pity; but "Lancelot," the poet says, "groaned in remorseful pain, not knowing he should die a holy man." Let us believe that this maiden's life was not given in vain, and that it was she who first started Lancelot towards a better life.

Wily Vivien pictures the strength of cunning and a low kind of fascination. She sacrificed womanly honor for the gain of power.

Merlin was the counterpart of Vivien. He affords a striking lesson to you and me on the power of imagination over the will. He had only to rise, to find his prison walls thin air. Reason and will are able to dissolve many incrustations of habit and superstition.

King Arthur embodied in himself all that was both most womanly and most manly about his court. He was as brave as Lancelot and as pure as Galahad, with the humility that Percival lacked. He spake no slander, nor listened to it. "He reverenced his conscience as his king." He loved one only, and was true to her. His manners bespoke his noble nature. Not only do we find him the ideal as man, but also as king, — father of his people. "His glory was in redressing human wrong." He must not leave "that which he rules" to find the Grail, — to follow visions until his work be done; "but being done," he says, "let visions of the night or day come as they will."

Galahad, that matchless knight for purity and strength, characterizes himself thus: —

> "My good blade carves the casques of men,
> My tough lance thrusteth sure;
> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure."

He represented purity and right triumphant. All the lower passions had been rooted out in him. He proved that the conquest demanded by the Perilous Seat could be made. He sat in that Seat, and not only saw the Grail, but disappeared with it. It is claimed by some that Galahad was the son of Lancelot. It is helpful to believe that Lancelot's struggle was not in vain; and that if he did not win, his offspring did.

Percival started out filled with thoughts of his own prowess. He had to descend to the valley of humiliation before there was any hope for him to find the Grail. He met Galahad in this valley, as one often meets here friends that have conquered self. Though Percival saw the Grail, it was not given him to see as Galahad saw.

Lancelot pictures the greatest struggle, for he had most to overcome. How pitiful to see that knight, than whom there was none braver or more courteous, weak as a little child in self-mastery! At the same time one admires him for keeping up the conflict against his unlawful love for the queen. Like Orestes of old, he was chased by the Furies. They often drove him in agony to solitudes and waste places. We are told that "his sin marred his face and marked it ere his time."

Lancelot made the mistake that many do; he thought that salvation could come from the outside. He sought the Grail, hoping the sight of it would purify him. The holy hermit to whom he told this said to him, that unless he purified himself first he would never see the Grail. Salvation lay not in the Grail, but in the soul. He heeded the hermit's words, and purified himself sufficiently to see the Grail covered; but perfect achievement was not for him. He represented the old order, which must give way to the new. The visible warfare was to be superseded by the invisible. When he was recounting his adventure to the king after he came back, Lancelot told him that a sin in him was so entwined about by all that was noble that he could not separate the evil from the good, and so the quest was not for him. The king said that there was no sin but could be separated from the good, unless one were swine. He charged Lancelot that what was noble and pure in him should yet bare flower.

Gawain represents those who say much and do little. When all started out, he sware louder than any knight; and when they came back he did the same. The king told him not to hope to make himself successful by idle vows. He buried his talent, because he lacked the one essential to any success, — earnestness.

Sir Bors was one who could do his work and bide his time. His faith was of the kind that believed "to deserve" was far more important than "to receive."

When Arthur heard all, he told them of his prophecy that many would follow "wandering fires;" but that each had seen according to his sight. Each found what he took forth with him. We to-day, like Arthur's knights, each see God daily according to our sight.

New knights were added in place of those who came not back; but in the fulness of time the Round Table was dissolved. The old order gave place to the new.

The spirit that made chivalry what it was still lives; only the form has changed. The hospitals in our large cities stand to tell us that the weak and the helpless are cared for. Devotion to woman has released her from castle walls, and placed her by man's side as his helper and co-worker. Instead of dispensing favors to the knights bravest in warfare, she follows her father,

brother, or husband to the field of battle, and waits in readiness to dispense comfort and mercy.

The democratic spirit now includes all humanity, instead of a brotherhood of knights.

The Holy Grail is found by all who see God in the lowest creature.

The coat of mail is replaced by high aims, noble courage, and a silent heroism that cheerfully faces death and lays down life for a principle of right. The conquest of the ideal must be made by every generation. Let us see to it that whatever hinders us in our conquest be removed.

THE BOSTON BOYS OF 1775.

BY THE EDITOR.

In No. 9 of Every Other Sunday we published in the Letter-Box a short letter from "Herbert L. S.," of Boston, who wrote about an "artificial hill made down on the Common, — the same Common where the Boston boys had their pond broken up by the British." Now comes a letter from an older "Boston boy," the Rev. Henry F. Jenks, who writes as follows: —

"Your young correspondent perpetuates a common error in relation to the Boston boys' coast. That coast was not on the Common, neither was there any pond broken up by the British *there*, or anywhere else; and in fact it is very doubtful whether the British in any way interfered with the coasting or sliding of the boys, — certainly the soldiers did not. The true state of the case is this: The coast was in Beacon Street, from about the corner of the present Somerset Street, near your office in Tremont Place, down School Street. General Haldimand lived on the site of the present City Hall. His servant, annoyed by the boys, sprinkled ashes on their coast. They complained to the General, and he sent the man out to sweep the coast clean, and then told General Gage of the incident. This is the statement of one of the boys, made forty years ago to Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and confirmed by a letter contemporary with the event."

The letter referred to by Mr. Jenks is published in the "Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society" for 1864–65, p. 398. It is one of a series of interesting letters which were written in the years 1773–75, by John Andrews to his friend William Barrell. At the end of a long letter, dated Jan. 29, 1775, he writes: —

"Shall close this by giving you a small anecdote relating to some of our school lads, who as formerly in this season improv'd the Coast from Sherburn's hill down to School street. General Haldiman improving the house that belongs to Old Cook [a house standing then where the Boston City Hall now is], his servant took it upon him to cut up their coast and fling ashes upon it. The lads made a muster, and chose a committee to wait upon the General, who admitted them, and heard their complaint, which was couch'd in very genteel terms, complaining that their fathers before 'em had improv'd it as a coast for time immemorial, &c. He order'd his servant to repair the damage, and acquainted the Gove'nor with the affair, who observ'd that it was impossible to beat the notion of Liberty out of the people, *as it was rooted in 'em from their Childhood.*"

It is said that when the great Robert Hill was a boy, he had a flaming temper. But instead of saying, as many do, "I can't help it," he would always, when he felt his passion rising, go away by himself and say, "O God, calm my mind!" And when he grew to be a man, he was one of the gentlest and calmest of men, for his constant prayer was heard and answered.

Teachers' Department.

DONATIONS TO THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

We propose to acknowledge from time to time in these columns the contributions which are made to the Sunday-School Society. It will be seen that money comes into the treasury of the Society through *four* channels. 1. Persons by paying $10.00 become life-members. 2. Some life-members and other generous friends of the Society make annually individual donations of various amounts. 3. Churches send contributions each year. By so doing they obtain the right to be represented by three delegates at all the meetings of the Society, and these delegates have all the privileges of members. 4. Sunday-schools send donations requesting at times that their gifts may go to help the missionary work of the Society. The donations received since October 1, 1885, have been as follows: —

Life Member, D. F. Richards, Jr.	$10.00
" " L. P. Hollander	10.00
" " Henry F. Spencer	10.00
" " William Crosby	10.00
" " Miss Abby W. May	10.00
" " Geo. W. Warren	10.00
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Dr. C. D. Homans	10.00
Henry B. Rogers	45.00
H. S. Grew	10.00
Anonymous	10.00
Portsmouth, N. H.	20.00
Third Society, Hingham	20.00
Ware Sunday-school	5.00
Brookline First Parish	75.00
Fall River	11.45
Barton Square, Salem, Sunday-school	10.00
First Congregational Church, Providence	120.62
Channing Church, Newton, on account	50.00
Concord, N. H.	20.00
Total to January 20, 1886	$945.07

Henry G. Spaulding,
General Secretary.

7 Tremont Place, Boston.

METHODS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.— APPROACH.

In the teaching of the lesson, success depends greatly upon the manner in which the subject is approached by the teacher. The approach will relate to two departments.

I. There must be an approach of the teacher to the pupil.

1. *The teacher and his pupil each represent a different world.* They have, often, nothing in common except the fact that they are in the class together. Somehow these two worlds must be harmonized, and a common ground be obtained where teacher and pupil can stand together.

(1) They are different in *age*, with its thought and feeling. The one may be a man, the other a boy. The boy can never look at life as a man; but the man *can* put himself in the place of the boy.

(2) They are different in the *home world* and its surrounding. The teacher may dwell in a mansion, while the pupil lives in a tenement-house. The home has great power to form the character; and its influence is not always in the same direction with the Sunday-school.

(3) They are different in their *social world.* Companionships are partly chosen from character, and then they react upon character. Especially during the formative period of youth, social relations exercise great influence. The teacher has his friends, of his own social level; and the scholar has his, — the playmates from whom he learns both good and evil.

(4) They are different in their *intellectual world.* Both teacher and pupil read; but while one is gaining intellectual strength from good literature, the other may be weakening both brain and morals by reading corrupt books and papers.

(5) They are different in their *moral world.* Every one, whether young or old, in church or world, has some standard of character. But some are dominated by narrow conceptions of life and base principles of conduct. The teacher's ideal should be high; the scholar's may be low.

2. *The teacher should understand and appreciate the scholar's world.* He must study his scholar's world in four aspects, —

(1) In its range of thought.

(2) In its charms; what are its powers which hold and fascinate his pupil.

(3) In its influence upon character.

(4) In its dangers.

3. *The teacher should strive to influence his scholar's world* —

(1) By a warm friendship for his pupil.

(2) By visiting him at his home.

(3) By bringing him to his own home.

(4) By providing him elevating literature.

4. *The teacher should prepare his lesson in view of the scholar's world.*

(1) He should adapt his explanations, statements, and questions to the scholar's range of thought.

(2) He should seek illustrations of the lesson in the scholar's world.

(3) He should adapt his application to the scholar's life and needs. — *Outline Normal Lessons.*

THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

At the meeting of the Union held January 18, 1886, the subject for the evening's discussion was, "How the discipline of the school and of individual classes can best be effected." Mr. R. C. Metcalf, of Winchester, was the first speaker. He began by saying that discipline, pure and simple, was something he had never interested himself in, and that the best disciplined school to him was always the one that had none. Then he went on to tell concisely what he thought necessary for the *best* results in Sunday-school work. If they are out of the power of any schools to obtain, such schools must do the best they can under the circumstances, and try to be content. The first essential was *ample room.* The classes, when reciting, should not be annoyed by the noise of other classes. If necessary, utilize the "Ladies' room," the church and the *kitchen* even, letting the different classes repair to those quarters after the opening exercises. Next, every school should have a *whole* superintendent. He should not be Bible-class teacher, librarian, and

janitor as well. He should have *all* his time to spend for the school, should go from class to class, — sitting with the classes to learn of their work and their progress. (The scholars will soon learn not to be disturbed by his presence.) Thus, when the teacher comes for help, he can give it understandingly. For the general exercises of the school at the opening and close of each session, all the scholars should be massed directly in front of the superintendent, the little ones nearest him, the older ones at the rear. There they are more manageable; they can sing better; they can listen better. After the exercises, let the classes separate for the lessons as before stated, to come together again at the close of the hour for the remaining exercises. He believed in having only so many classes in each school as that school could furnish good teachers. A superintendent must remember that not all good people are good teachers. One needs not only to be filled with the spirit but to have an *aptness for teaching.*

The question was put Mr. Metcalf as to how he should proceed to get rid of a teacher whose heart was in the work, but who was not fitted to teach. His reply was, that when a new superintendent was elected, — which should be done by the teachers of the Sunday-school, not by the church, — all the teachers should send in their resignations to take effect when other teachers should be appointed for their places. It would probably be rarely that a resignation would be accepted, but it would give the Superintendent an opportunity to reorganize the school, if necessary.

Miss Gertrude T. Jacobs followed Mr. Metcalf, reading a carefully prepared paper which held the interest of the audience to the end. Miss Jacobs did not believe in the Gradgrind system of discipline. Discipline should be gentle: a fault pruned here, a truth taught there. The religious life is a slow growth and should not be forced. When a teacher had succeeded in getting a child to come punctually to school because it is *right* to do so, she could feel she had started the child in righteous living. Gentleness and patience would surely prevail in the end.

Mr. R. C. Humphreys thought this the most important subject yet brought before the Union, and asked for practical suggestions to help those teachers who found it hard to keep their classes in order.

Mr. Baldwin and Mr. G. W. Warren followed, and later in the evening, Mrs. Kate G. Wells, each with anecdotes of how, sometimes, attention had been gained, and discipline maintained in such cases. The teacher must appeal to his scholars through what interests them, must speak to them from their own level.

The Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke suggested a further help in the thorough understanding of the nature of one's scholars, which can be learned in no better way than by visiting the parents and scholars in their homes.

Mr. Metcalf spoke of the necessity of every teacher having a *regular substitute*, so that no class should ever be without a teacher. He preferred that each teacher should have his own substitute, to the custom followed in some schools where a certain number of substitutes are furnished to be called upon for any class, indiscriminately.

Mr. C. H. Wilson had a suggestion to give to those who might complain that the moving about of the classes for exercises and lessons consumed too much time. In his school, each scholar went at once to his class and there the lesson was recited. After that, all came together, the general exercises were held and the school dismissed. He had found that to work well.

One hundred and fifty members and guests were present at the meeting, and the Union has gained since December accessions from three schools, the superintendents of which are ministers. By a nearly unanimous vote the Union decided to keep the organization in the main, as it has been, a *lay* society, the only exception being that the few clergymen who superintend their Sunday-schools are now eligible to membership.

Our Question-Box.

Do you fear the influence of Easter and Christmas celebrations in Unitarian schools?

No! why should we? We believe in immortality and Christianity. We have very little ecclesiastical calendarship. Unitarian children are not devoid of sentiment. The danger is quite the other way, that of unnatural and unnecessary bareness in our Sunday-school usages and commemorations. A vigorous tree has ample foliage and bough life.

How would it do to turn the whole school into one class, with a talented instructor?

The objections are: first, almost impossibility of finding the adequate teacher; second, the cost; third, if found, deficiency of personal detail work in such a method; fourth, variety of ages in the pupils.

Are our Unitarian Sunday-schools less effective than the "Orthodox?"

Yes and no. It depends upon our standard. The organization and drill of those sister schools are greater than ours; their use of memory, their vast international lesson machine, their prize system, more effective toward certain visible results, than our methods. Our aim has been to teach cardinal truths, diffuse noble influences, and stimulate the pupil's earnest thought. Each way has its defects.

The new hymnal seems hard to our school; what is the remedy?

Get a leader for a month or two. Or, give some definite times for rehearsals. The tunes will grow into favor and familiarity. There is gold in the mine and plenty of it.

How can I get better order in my Sunday-school?

This question is from a superintendent. We reply, Sternness will make order, but it will decrease the school. Continual requests are only spasmodic aid. Work through the teachers. Hold them responsible for good order. Impress upon them the imperative need of their co-operation.

Do you like the name of this paper?

We might like another less.

Did Rev. A. P. Peabody ever say that the Sunday-school ought to be abolished?

No! He deplored in a public address, that it was ever born; but, as a necessary evil, he urged every one to get the most out of it.

What is the Unitarian characteristic most conspicuous in Sunday-school methods?

This is put by an "Evangelical" friend. We answer, For every one to do as he pleases, and especially to do differently from others. But we have hopes of better things.

Is it a sign of weakness to use a liturgy in Sunday-school?

No more than it is to use knives and forks in eating instead of fingers, or to be master of polite manners in society, rather than a boor. All schools use some form of service that is a liturgical exercise; each school must decide for itself the elaborateness of its service. A short one may be very mechanical; a long one exceedingly alive.

My teacher does not talk much about our lessons, but reads stories to us: I don't like it; what can I do?

This comes from an earnest pupil who evidently believes that going to Sunday-school means a lesson and learning something. We say, Tell your teacher your objection. If that fails, tell the superintendent; if that avails not, go into another class. The question that looms up in many instances is, Have pupils any educational rights which teachers are bound to respect?

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

We have received from the Unitarian Society of Detroit, Michigan, a little sheet printed in the interest of its Sunday-school. A notable feature in this number is the appearance of five letters to the Sunday-school scholars, written by their former superintendents and pastors, who are now scattered in different parts of the country, but who still bear a warm affection for the school in which they once worked. The school is in a prosperous condition.

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, 7 *Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

LITTLE PEOPLE: Their Doings and Misdoings. By Kate L. Brown. Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co. pp. 48. Price, 10 cents.

Our attention has been drawn to this little book, No. 2, Supplementary Reading for Second-Reader Classes. To the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY nothing need be said of it, as they well know the simple, bright, direct style of the writer. These "Little People," like others she has told us of, will prove interesting upon acquaintance; and there is no question of the admirable fitness of the book for the purpose for which it was written.

CLASS C.

Books for Teachers and members of Adult Classes.

THE GREAT POETS AS RELIGIOUS TEACHERS. By John H. Morison. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 200. Price, $1.00.

This is a book one would like to own, to turn to again. With a sure insight into the things of the spirit which underlie all things of the sense, the writer leaves one with high thoughts and a touched heart. The chapter on The Ideal Teaching of Jesus is exceedingly impressive; and taken with that on the Old Testament Writers, does a needed work in helping to place the Scriptures in their rightful position in literature. The book is written with keen literary insight, and is one that must be appreciated by all thoughtful readers.

A MAN of true honor thinks himself greater in being subject to his word given than in being lord of a principality.

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